

My Kaleidoscope

The sky is a kaleidoscope;
Pinks, reds and blues;
Bleeding all together;
So beautiful these hues.

The colors of the daytime meld together,
in a painting just for me;
It burrows into my memory,
For beauty never stays

Despite the pain on the earth below,
The angels paint for me;
This moment of pure beauty;
Just for me to see

The sky called to me with colors that I cannot ignore;
So beautiful, so vivid and so very pure

Darkness will come and close the curtains,
For beauty never stays;
All the earth's sheer ugliness
Is hidden by her shades.

She'll be back tomorrow; Her colors all anew;
She will paint the sky again;
With new colors and new hues.

